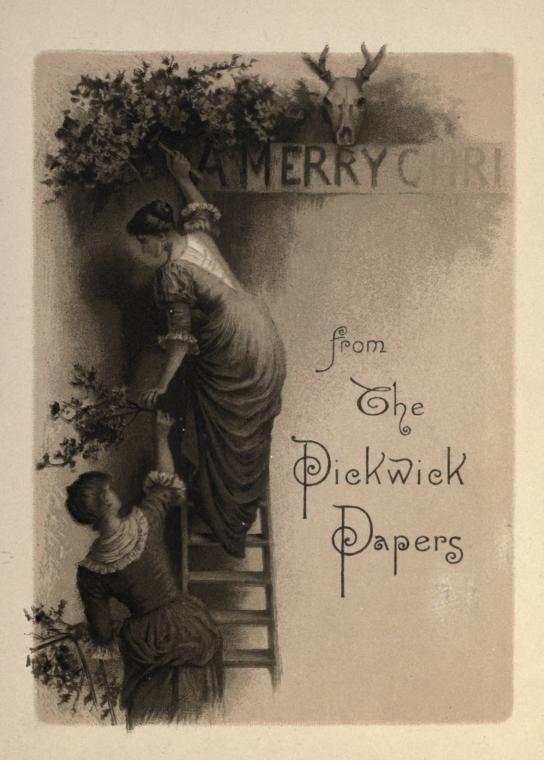


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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CARE not for Spring;
on his fickle Wing
Let the blossoms and buds
be borne: Me woos them amain with his treacherous rain, And he scatters them ere the morn. An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,

Or his own changing mind, an hour;

Te'll smile in your face, and

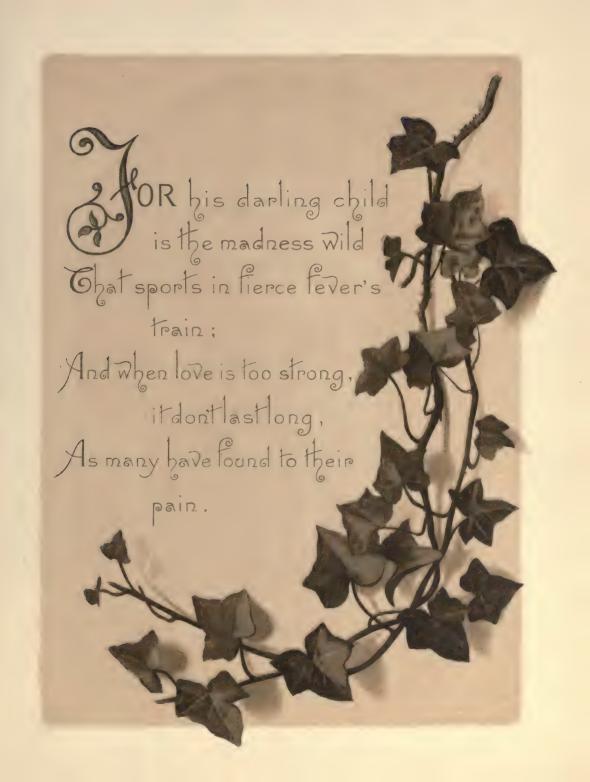
with wry grimace,

Te'll wither your youngest flower.





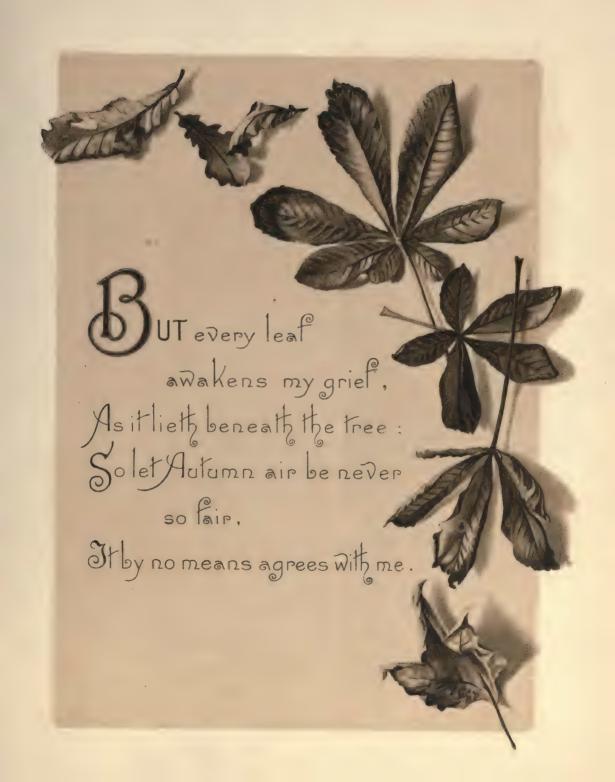


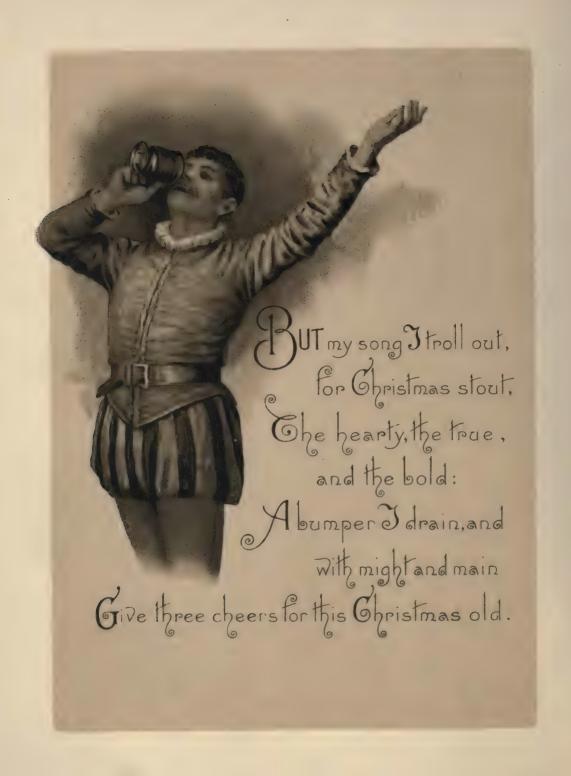












E'LL usher him in
With a merry din Chatshall gladden his joyous heart, And We'll Keep him up O while there's bite or sup, And in fellowship good We'll part.

N his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide One jot of his hard-Weather scars; Chey're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace On the cheeks of our bravest tars.



Till the roof doth ring. And it echoes from Wall to Wall-Go the stout old Wight, 9 fair Welcome to-night, As the King of the Seasons all!









